THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.] [No. 7.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1804.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 82.

In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last,
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen,
A third interprets words, and looks, and eyes,
At every word a reputation dies,
Snuff or the fan supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.....POPE.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

IT was one of the wise precepts of Pythagoras to his disciples, that, after their labours were over, they should conclude by a careful review and examination of the events of the day. Conformably to so excellent an instruction, to-night, before I retired to rest, I sat down to consider the manner in which my evening had been spent. I had been in a large assembly of young persons of both sexes convened for their own amusement, who seemed to possess the power, as well as the inclination, to please. Yet I could not but regret that all the attractions of beauty and fashion should have been lost by an injudicious disposition of them, and that the want of something to do, or to engage their attention, should have repressed the pleasure which such meetings are calculated to afford. Being myself, on these occasions, a mute and a mere 'looker-on here in Vienna,' I had leisure to survey the manœuvres of the company; and as the forms of a tea-party have never yet been recorded, for the benefit of posterity, it may not be superfluous to describe them. About half after seven we had all assembled: the ladies were disposed in prim array round the room, like jars for the inspection of purchasers, whilst the gentlemen occupied the fire-place. In this situation the parties remained for the space of half an hour reconnoitring each other; the beaux viewing and criticising the appearance of the belles, who, if an occasional whisper, and its attendant giggle, can be trusted, were equally particular in their observations. After these preliminary arrangements, the object of the congregation was discovered by the introduction of the tea, which discomposed for a while the placid gravity of the entertainment, and obliged both parties to exercise the cup and the spoon for a considerable time. Observing the avidity with which this drink was swallowed, I plucked my neighbour by the sleeve to request an explanation, but he only replied that it had been so time immemorial, and quoted, in the punning spirit of the time, 'Et parum comis sine *te* juventas Mercuriusque.' But its effects were soon visible. Stimulated by its influence, a valourous knight issued from the crowd which defended the fire, and boldly advanced to a damsel. By degrees a lodgement was formed in a chair, which separated two ladies, the youths acquired courage adventured across the room, and advanced to the encounter. The weather in all its forms was now discussed. The fair, the foul, the misty, the rainy, the foggy, the cloudy, the hazy, the state of the walking on the past and preceding day, together with the possibility of a clear or a wet day were subjects which received, as they deserved, a marked attention. A few, indeed, ventured a bolder flight, but they soon fell alike unsupported and disregarded. But lest our interest in the affairs, which are thus passing, should cease, a fresh supply of refreshments came to cheer and enliven us. These at once stimulate, and afford subjects for conversation. Thus the brilliant wits made an easy transition from kisses of flour to kisses of flesh, and the punsters almost raised a laugh in descanting on the comforts of comfits. We were now to be regaled with the concord of sweet sounds, but on which of the ladies the choice was to fall still remained in the hands of fate. All wished to avoid the arduous undertaking, and if the rosy cheeks of the fair ones did not evince the contrary, I should have thought myself in a hospital or a rookery. Not one but had been dismally afflicted with disorders, or who did not vow that she rather screamed or croaked than sung. Much solicitation at last produced a song, during which every one was bound in silent rapture. The end of the song gave an opportunity of expressing the astonishment of the hearers. The connoisseurs called it bravissimo, whilst those who did not venture on a superlative, contented themselves with a smaller portion of admiration. To assist the music in the humane office of beguiling the weariness of the company, cards were introduced, and these did seem to engage and amuse a few, but still the many were in a state of hopeless despondency, to extricate themselves from which, after many attempts to keep themselves awake, the company gradually retired, till at length the entertainment is concluded, and the parties dispersed.

Such was a tea-party, the bare recital of which shews the littleness and inanity which must necessarily attend it; whence it is derived our antiquarians seem at a loss to determine. If it be not entertainment sui generis, from its Dutch complexion I should readily discover its native country, and were every gentleman provided with a chair, (a consummation devoutly to be wished), and a pipe, we might easily date its introduction at the time of our German settlements. If neither of these suppositions be correct, I should suspect we had taken the hint from the talks of our Chickasaw tribes, and that, therefore, the custom is altogether aboriginal. Leaving, however, these profound disquisitions to others, to you, Mr. Saunter, I apply for the correction of this fashionable procedure, of which all seem to complain, but which none seem inclined to reform. In the present state of the world it seems necessary that the gay and the fashionable should meet in some way, but the difficulty of finding some employment for them, when collected, is formidable. Rational conversation seems to be the desideratum, but this can never be attained in large companies, where from the nature of the case, we must be constantly in motion, and directing our discourse to a number of persons. Besides, the topics on which we are allowed to converse, at such a place, are necessarily trivial and common-place, and when the stock of conversation, which each one can bring, is exhausted, the company becomes tedious and uninteresting, whilst if some employment were given to the parties, that fund might remain for a much longer time. I think, therefore, we may conclude, that any assembly of which conversation is the only employment will, from its very nature, be dull; and the almost proverbial insipidity of these parties, fully justifies the conclusion. What, therefore, shall be introduced, or, to speak with the logicians, what substance shall we have of which conversation will be the accident? In the present day, a proposal that the parties should bring their work, would startle our belles, for besides that, the duty would lie on their side altogether, (for what have our beaux to do?) many of them might produce an unanswerable objection to showing the labours of their hands. Music or cards are ineffectual to amuse a large company. There remains, therefore, but one resource—that is dancing, which unites all the qualities of a murderer of time, a healthy exercise, and a substitute for conversation, which all seem to like, and without which scarcely any collection of young people are capable of enjoying themselves. To shew, however, my impartiality, I must acknowledge, that some advantage has been derived from these entertainments. Our tea trade has visibly increased since their introduction, our beaux have been incited to the study of astronomy, and I am told that the number of almanacs disposed of is always in proportion to the frequency of tea parties. To conclude, let us, Mr. Saunter, banish these noxious congregations to the huts of the Choctaws or the dykes of Holland, and let our society be no longer haunted by this monster, which frightens away our ease, our pleasure and almost every enjoyment.

A YOUNG BACHELOR.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

NO. 4.

Memorabilia democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science. Interspersed with anecdotes, characters and speeches of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats, by Slaveslap Kiddnap, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651

Washington, printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheetham, and Adams and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

It is a great comfort to me, that the opinion of the public conicides so entirely with my own, touching the merits of the work under review.

Since my last number was published, I have had frequent occasion to converse with men of both parties, who, although they are at variance in every thing else, agree in this, that it contains a rare and precious specimen of fashionable democratic style. The strain in which Mr. Kiddnap proceeds, in his four ensuing chapters, is not at all less elevated than that which has been so justly admired. But as, in these, he has entered upon a critical and philological inquiry into the name and origin of democracy, in which he has had frequent recourse to Grecian, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and Sanscret writers, all ofwhom, as was becoming, in a work so solemn as this, he cites in their most ancient versions; and, to prevent erroneous translations in their original languages, I have found it necessary, in consequence of the deficiency of our printer, in these types, to postpone the curiosity of the public, until it shall be conceived expedient to publish an edition entire. The sixth chapter will excite great interest, not only from the subject, which is an inquiry into the causes which make the clergy enemies to democracy, but also from the renowned pen engaged in the task. The public will not need the hints, thrown out by Mr. Kiddnap, to discover the production of one of the first law characters in our union. They, who have read his official letters, and, much more, those laboured essays of his intitled 'the Farmer,' will recognise all those characteristics of style and sentiment, which so eminently distinguish him. Nevertheless, for the satisfaction of the public, and to the end that no reasonable doubt may remain, that the letter, which Mr. Kiddnap has made public, is truly the work of that eminent man, I have carefully collated it with those celebrated essays, and have caused to be marked, in italics, all those expressions relative to the clergy, which may be found as well in this letter as in 'the Farmer.' Whereby I think the most sceptical must be convinced of its authenticity. For, although a similar train of thought will often suggest to minds, equally impressed with their subject, a similarity of expression, yet when the same epithets and ideas, the same turns of expression, and peculiarities of diction, are every moment occurring, and that not only in general combination, but in their minute arrangements, and individual qualifications, no man, I trust, can hesitate to refer both productions to the same original. Besides,—— the public will here excuse me if I lay aside, for one moment, my character of a critic, to give vent to a party sentiment. let any man read any number of 'the Farmer,' the tenth for instance, and afterwards this letter to Mr. Kiddnap, and I dare engage he will lay down both with the same irritated and indignant temperature of mind. Nor will the classical reader be able to refrain from repeating the exclamation, which the f rmer works of the attorney-general have never failed to extort from him, *Huic Vulcanus erat pater!!* For, like the other child of that hard-working god, he eludes the grasp of his adversaries, by vomiting forth words, like clouds, impenetrably dark, through which nothing is revealed but that fiery vengeance, which flames and smoulders, and which is made ten times more terrible by the black opaque which accompanies it:

> Faucibus ingentem fumum, mirabile dictu,
> Evomit; involvitque domum caligine cæca,
> Prospectum eripiens oculis; glomeratque sub antro
> Fumiferam noctem, commitis igne tenebris.

But our author is of a different opinion. Like others of his sect, he has brought himself to believe that 'the Farmer' is a most lucid, satisfactory writer, and an equal honour and advantage to the cause of democracy. Lest, therefore, it should be thought that it is my design to prejudice the public, whereas nothing is farther from my thoughts, I shall present the sixth chapter entire. Being determined that no party considerations shall tempt me, in the course of this review, to depart from a rigid impartiality, I would not conceal any laurels which so able a judge as Mr. Kiddnap may think due to any democratic chief.

CHAPTER V.

The reasons which make priests enemies to democracy considered.

"Democracy has had then, as we have shewn, an existence in all periods of society. Everywhere it has been the solace of oppressed humanity. The wretched outcast of the social compact has ever found it the balm of his woes; and, when all other means of livlihood fail, any man may be assured of support, or of compassion, who will set up for a patriot. Thus, for instance, when that canonized democrat, Abijah Adams, expired, miserably in agony and in want, under the brutal operation of the sedition law, what sympathy soothed his dying pillow! How were the pangs of dissolving nature mitigated by the consolations he experienced! Tears, dropping from the fairest republican eyes, softened even the stones which composed the floor of his prison. The democratic ladies of Boston wept around his couch, and, with their tender hands, closed those eyes, doomed never again to open on the miseries of his country. The clothes, in which he died, being purchased, at twice their worth, by the proprietor of the Boston museum, are, *with those of other oppressed patriots*, exposed three times each week to crowds of zealous republicans, who thither repair to enkindle their just indignation with the sight of these precious relics of this martyr to liberty. Since then such are the comforts which the exercise of this art yields, and such the honours it attains, strange it is that the clergy have in all ages and countries, where they could act out the spirit of their profession, been among its most zealous and influential opposers. Yet is it not more strange than it is true. Although there are some noble instances of individuals, especially in these southern States, rooting out of themselves the natural antipathies of their sect, yet, it can not be denied, that with a free exceptions, this body of men have been, in all places, where they are encouraged, the greatest terror of all true democrats, and that the interests of the democratic science have received from them, the deadliest blow. The causes of that animosity, which the clergy have universally discovered to democracy, I thought it not improper, in a work of this nature, to explain. But I found myself, on reflection lamentably, deficient in materials, as my observation extends not beyond the Clergy, in the antient dominion, who are, all the world know, the most innocent and harmless creatures imaginable. But recollecting the depressed State of New-England, in this respect, and knowing that there are imperious, and rapacious Clergy, sucked the heart-blood of the people and was the immediate cause of that vice, ignorance and slavery, which abound, (the State of Rhode Island excepted), in every part of the Eastern States, while the present condition of the priesthood, in Virginia, is the cause of that high State of morality, knowledge and Liberty, which, in so much perfection we here enjoy. I resolved to apply for light, on this subject, to a great law character, who, by his situation in the centre of Massachusetts, is enabled to observe, and by his instinctive abhorrence of all tyranny, civil and ecclesiastical, highly qualified to represent the odious and abominable despotism of the Eastern Clergy, it its true colours. This great man was no sooner apprised of my wish, than he undertook the task and has executed it, with all that stern, republican zeal and hardy democratic muscle, for which he is distinguished. In the course of less than three weeks, I received the following elaborate letter, which will supersede the necessity of any farther remarks of mine upon the subject of this chapter. Besides that acute perception and deep research, which distinguish this writer the intelligent reader cannot fail to remark that this letter possesses that exquisite polish of style, which is his peculiar characterestic which consists in an amalgamation of the pomp of Cicero, with the splendor of Lord Bolingbroke. He is no less conspicuous than they for that *copia verborum* and that *plena et exuberosa oratio*, which those writers so greatly admired and so successfully executed. I shall not, in compliance with his modest request, annex his name; although it is impossible that excellencies, so unparalelled, should not be traced to the only head in the United States capable of producing them."

It is with extreme reluctance, that I divide this chapter between two numbers. But my printer assures me, that the publication of it entire will occupy more room than he can allot to it, consistently with his engagements to other correspondents. I know the public will be impatient to possess the work of so elevated an artist, on his favourite subject. But the above consideration will, I trust, be a sufficient apology. I cannot, however, close this number without expressing my regret, that so exquisite a strain of pathetic eloquence, as that, which Mr. Kiddnap, has exhausted on Abijah Adams, should not have lighted on a worthier object. I fear that Mr. Kiddnap will be outrageous, as other democratic writers have been before, at hearing, that, accoroing to my last letters from Boston, Abijah Adams, the lamented hero of this bloody tragedy *is now alive*, and in the full exercise of all his qualities, animal and vegetable; that he eats, drinks, sleeps *et olet ut olim*. Our author has fallen into this error by placing too implicit confidence in the Aurora and other democratic publications, who have massacred poor Abijah in a manner shocking to humanity. The known candour of our author will doubtless, lead him to correct this mistake, in the next edition of his work. Unless, indeed, Adams, should before that event luckily die, in the course of nature, in which case to alter the phraseology a little, and represent him as lingering three, four, or ten years, as it may happen, under the effects of his imprisonment will have, in a democratic view, the happiest tendency.

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The following letter addressed to the Editor of a British Magazine, is worthy the attention of our readers.

SIR,

"Many observations have appeared within these few years on the subject of the credit of the Bank of England, and the validity of Bank notes. The authors have probably been actuated by pure and patriotic motives; but it can be made to appear most easily, that all their reasonings are unworthy of the smallest attention. Unacquainted with the routine of the business of the Bank, and with the restrictions under which Bank notes are issued, these writers have assumed mistaken data, and deduced false conclusions.

"No mathematical axiom, no self evident proposition, on geometrical demonstration can be more apparent that the Bank of England is, and always has been necessarily solvent; and that every one of its notes *must always* be worth twenty shillings in the pound.

"This position will be readily assented to on the bare perception of the two following *Facts*.

"I. *The Bank of England holds in pledge substantial and undeniable securities for the whole*

amount of the notes which at any time it has issued.

" II *And every Bank note in circulation has its representative value in the Bank of England.*

" These two facts demonstrate the absurdity of all the reasonings, which have been published of late years on this subject.

" However, for the information of persons who are not acquainted with the routine of the Bank business it may be stated as a satisfactory elucidation of the above positions that no note is issued from the Bank, except in the purchase of Bullion, in the discounting of good commercial bills and inloans granted or unexceptionable public or private security.

" At a crisis like the present, it seems to me, Mr. Editor, worth while to set this question in so clear a light, as to prevent its distracting the attention or diminishing the confidence of the country.

I am, sir, your humble servant,
Philo Veritatis."

Lombard st. Nov. 1803.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

St. Ildefonse, September 21, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I received your obliging favour of the 18th ult. the 11th inst. and I should have sooner answered it, if my punctuality equalled the pleasure I always have in writing to you. Your situation gives me pain, while it alarms me; and I own it to you that my heart feels a mixed emotion difficult for me to describe, pity and admiration, with a passion that I shall not name, rule it alternately. Your piece on the affair of Charlestown was well-timed, and, without flattery, well written, expede Herculem. I saw it before you sent it to me, for I have the perusal of most of your gazettes from your M—r, whose politeness hath increased since the late good news; indeed it has happy effects everywhere. Do not be apprehensive of Mr. C——d, although you are told the princess of Asturias smiles on him. I have no American news but what you will find in the public prints. It appears that the union, enthusiasm, and perseverance of the people is such as we could wish. The Count D'Estaing will arrive at Cadiz Sunday or Monday next; when I hope he will find the fleet in forwardness to act as the two courts may judge proper, which as yet remains secret.

I do not fully comprehend what you say in the secret article of your letter, because you have intermixed figures, the sense of which is not contained in the list you sent me. Be *cautious*, and write me the nature of the rardj—business. You will remember, my dear sir, your promise with respect to my letters—written, as they have been, in the warmth of friendship and confidence, I should like them to be in no hands but your's. Mr. J. presents his compliments. Adieu, I hope better days and better deeds.

Yours sincerely,
W. C.

If you see Messrs. de Neufville, he will commune with you, and I pray you to be in good spirits. You must imitate the example of the old man, mentioned in a book that you do not think much of I believe, keep in this world that your eyes may see our salvation.

—

Passy, October 2, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I received duly yours' several letters of the twelfth, fifteenth, seventeenth, nineteenth, and twenty-first of September. I am much pleased with the Intelligence you send me, and with the papers you have had printed.

Mr. Searle is a military officer in the Pennsylvania Troops, and a member of Congress. He has some commission to execute for that Province, but none that I know of from Congress. He has another letter for you, from Mr. Lovell, which he has shewn me. It is full of expressions of his Esteem; and I understand from Mr. Searle, that you stand exceeding well, with the committee, and with the Congress in general. I am sorry to see any marks of uneasiness and apprehension in your letters. Mr. Chaumont tells me that you want some assurance of being continued. The Congress itself is changeable at the pleasure of their electors, and none of their Servants have, or can have any such assurance. If therefore any thing better for you, and more substantial should offer, no body can blame you for occupying it, however satisfied they may be with your services. But as to the continuance of what you now enjoy, or of some thing as valuable in the service of the Congress, I think you may make yourself easy, for that your appointment seems more likely to be increased than diminished, though it does not belong to me to promise any thing.

Mr. Laurens was to sail three days after Mr. Searle, who begins to fear he must be lost, as it was a small Vessel, he intended to embark in.——He was bound directly to Holland.

I enclose some Extracts of letters from two French Officers of dictinction in the Army of M. de Rocheambault, which are pleasing, as they mark the good Intelligence, that subsists between the Troops, contrary to the reports circulated by the English. They will do perhaps for your Leyden Gazette.

With great esteem and affection I
Am ever,
Your faithful friend and servant.
B. FRANKLIN.

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October, 2, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I received your double dated letter of the first and third ult. with that pleasure that I always receive any thing from you. I feel for your situation, and have so often expressed it that you cannot doubt it *now*. All our news of late has been good, and I wish I could give you such as would be personally agreeable to you. You know, my dear apostle, that I left congress before any appointment for Holland was in agitation, and, therefore, all that I could do was to remind the members of congress of your long services and attachment. I did this to many, and yet, to my mortification, I find, that, in the appointment for that country, you appear to be forgot; but as my intelligence is vague, I would not have you to count much upon it, and above all not to give way to melancholy or despair. If this should be the case, write to congress a modest and exact state of your situation previous to and since you engaged in our affairs. Communicate to no one my advice. But speak to Mr. Laurence, whom you will see in Holland, and, perhaps, before you receive this. I hope he is a just man, and I am sure he is generous and liberal; cultivate him assiduously, for in our enthusiasm for the * * * * parts of human nature and their affairs we must not forget that we are all men, and stand in need of the assistance of men, *independent*, as you and I are, in every idea of a public nature.

I am sorry, on the public account, for what you tell me of the person at Amsterdam. I have found often that public persons consult more private feelings than public interest. I shall be sorry to think this of the person in question; but as I have no immediate correspondence with him, you will oblige me in giving me a detail of his motions, connections, &c. a few Louis d'ores employed in this way will not be amiss, and I will repay them to Messrs. de Neufville's order. This is merely for my personal satisfaction, without a doubt or suspicion.

Mr. C—d is *still* here. Please to insert that he was not permitted to stay at St. Ildefonse in your gazette, and, at the same time, mention, in your own way, that Mr. Jay remained there, and that your humble servant appeared at court frequently, and was generally well received, which is fact, and the insertion of such an article is meant only in opposition to falsehoods from the other party and their friends. You will also insert the following article, from the Newbern gazette—July, Bodies of troops from all quarters assemble to form the army under the command of his excellency general Gates, who will soon be in condition to block the English in their late vaunted conquest of Charleston, and drive them from the small extent of country they possess in Georgia.

This army, while it represses the rash attempts of our invaders, will contribute to facilitate the operations of the Spanish arms in the Floridas. where we have every thing to hope from the active and enterprising character of gen. Galver, who commands in that quarter. We should be unjust to that gallant officer if we did not mention the attachment that he has always discovered to the common cause, and in all his concern which regard the interest of the United States, and particularly to such of their inhabitants as have stood in need of his protection. The conduct of this governor discredits all the false ideas with which our ancient tyrants endeavoured to inspire us with respect to Spanish policy, and we look forward with pleasure to the time when we shall have no other neighbours on that side of the continent than the subjects of his catholic majesty.' You will word this as you please, but send it to the first gazette. Although I am not in the secret, I believe greartand brilliant designs are meditated. Adieu. *DISCIPULUS.*

P. S. Put this letter on the fire, and there to be seen by none but yourself.

DEAR SIR, Passy, October 9, 1780.

I received yours of the 29th September and 3d October. It is a very good addition you made to your memoire for the ministers of Russia and Sweden. I am glad to find you are again on such good terms with the ambassador, as to be invited to his comedy. I doubt not of your continuing to cultivate that good understanding. I like much your insertions in the gazettes—such things have good effects.

Your information relative to the transactions at Petersburg and in Denmark are very interesting, and afforded me a good deal of satisfaction; particularly the former. Mr. Searle will have the pleasure of seeing you. I recommend him warmly to your civilities. He is much your friend, and will advise Mr Laurence to make you his secretary, which I hope you will accept. I have given it as my opinion that Mr. L. can no where find one better qualified, or more deserving. The choice is left to that minister, and he is empowered to give a salary of 500l. sterling a year. I am in pain on account of his not being yet arrived; but hope you will see him soon. I request you would find means to introduce Mr. Searle to the Portuguese ambassador. Pray consider the inclosed papers, and, after advising with your friend, give me your opinion as to the manner of the application to the States General, whether I should make it thro' their ambassador, or directly with a letter to the G. P. or in what other manner. You know we wrote to him formerly and received no answer. With great esteem, I am your fathful friend, *B. FRANKLIN.*

P. S. You say nothing of Mr. Adams. How do you stand with him? What is he doing?

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FINE ARTS.

NOTES RELATIVE TO THE PAINTINGS OF MR. WEST.

[Concluded.]

NOTE IV.

The opening of the four first seals. From the Revelation of St. John.

Subjects of this nature lie only within the grasp of great minds. All things necessary to be represented in them are ideal, and can have their prototype only in the mind of the artist. All the benefit that he can derive from external sources, is assistance in the modification of those forms which must circumscribe his ideas: and every thing must be so ordered by him, that coalitions of forms merely possible, may be taught to wear the appearance of probability, and be offered to us in a manner so plausible, that we do not revolt from them as extravagant, or reject them as absurd.

The difficulty of treating this subject in a manner worthy of its sublimity must be apparent, upon reading the words of Scripture:

'And I saw when the lamb opened one of the Seals; and I heard, as it were the voice of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, come and see. And I saw, and behold a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering, and to conquer. And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, come and see. And there went out a second beast that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon, to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another; and there was given unto him a great sword. And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, come and see. And I beheld, and lo, a black horse: and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. And I heard a voice, &c. And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, come and see. And I looked, and behold, a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death; and Hell followed with him: and power was given unto him over the fourth part of the Earth, to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.'

On approaching this picture, the eye is carried to the centre of it, where, laying waste all before him, and around him, Death, on the pale horse, drives over a group that already feels his power. An infant, naked, dead, livid, is thrown over its mother, who lies prostrate in mortal agonies, already suffused with a pale deadly hue. Another infant, with a countenance full of terror and affection, clings to her; her head is supported by a man, who, with woe and despair forcibly depicted in his features, interposes one arm between the object of his care and Death, on whom he fixes an imploring eye. At the feet of the woman is a man falling backwards, endeavouring to support himself on one arm, and covering his head with the other. Behind this groupe, and forming an appendage to it, is Famine, characterised by his exhausted cup, his ghastly, and hungering countenance, abdominal contraction, and limbs palsied and incapable of motion. Still farther behind, is a female, the full personification of woe and misery. Over, and in the midst of this group, in his dreadful course, is Death; 'black as night, fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell, and shakes a deadly dart.' But the painter has not given the trite and vulgar darts, generally placed in the [illegible] king of terrors; his shafts are fire, [illegible] sudden lightning. The [illegible] much an [illegible] the horse 'whose neck is clothed in thunder, the glory of whose nostrils is terrible, who swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage.' Hovering over Death, and in his train, are a throng of hideous monsters, the fiendish character of whose expression plainly marks them as the progeny of Hell; and by the fiery glow that flashes in the gloom, from which they are emerging, the imagination is impressed with an idea of the continuation of their train, and is carried into infinite space. To the right, in shadow, is he that sat on the black horse, with the balances in his hand; and further to the right, taking a course different from that of Death, is he that sat on the red horse, that had power to take peace from the Earth, and the conqueror on the white horse; the one pouring forth his destructive shafts, the other threatening with the sword. In the distance, is carnage by land and by water. The other side of the picture is covered with the destruction of the beasts of the Earth. This part is connected with the middle group, by a horse that crouches down in terror, under the feet of the pale horse that carries Death. The fury of the lions, that are rushing on their prey, the dismay of the wretch who attempts to draw his sword, and the headlong descent of him that has been tossed on the horns of the bull, are admirably conceived and expressed. They are the prominent features of the left side of the picture.

The composition is, as is usual with Mr. West, excellent, and the disposition of the different groups such as is calculated to shew the parts, which ought to be brought forward, even if the distribution of light were less skilful than it is. The colouring is such, as the subject demands, grave and severe, yet not harsh or crude, but properly tempered by a partial introduction of warmth. The colouring of the woman and her infant is in the very tones of mortality, and her garments are the robes of death. The pervading tone is well sustained throughout, and aided by the dismal heaviness of the sky, and the gleams that seem to shoot athwart the horizon. Although the picture has been wrought with great boldness and impetuosity of pencil which the subject demands, the drawing is correct and fine, and is kept in due bounds.

Perhaps Mr. West has never been so happy in expression as in parts of this picture. Nothing can be better conceived than the savage and unrelenting fury of Death; it speaks as well in his action, as in his face; it breathes through him, from the stormy forehead and cruel eye, down to the extreme tension of the strained foot; it is announced as well by the whirl and brandish of his arm, as by the open nostrils, and the fell exultation of this mouth. His eye, like his arm, has no single scope, and destruction not less than universal, seems to be his purpose. The horse has a terrific wildness, which the features of that animal might be supposed incapable of expressing. The agony of the last pangs that separate the soul from the body, is working in the face of the prostrate woman, yet half smothered, and struggling through the veil of stupefaction; the expression in the face and attitude of him that supports her, can be conceived by those only, who, having seen the picture, are able to recollect it; and the earnestness of sorrow and solicitude in the living child, can only be equalled by the character of morbid fleshiness that is so ably kept up by its dead mother.

In the dead serpent, and the dove mourning over its mate, the painter has given us an epitome of the whole picture, and by suggesting to us the powers and qualities which those animals have, and represent in their symbolic acceptation, has in one spot comprised the sub- [illegible] as it were, into an encheiridion.

Such is the general outline of this picture; a picture that teems with destruction, and havoc, and woe, and terror, and dismay. In it the Artist has employed various instruments and a multiplicity of engines, each working in its own manner, but all tending to one object, and all calculated to unite their powers in forcing one irresistible idea upon the mind, and stamping it upon the imagination.

NOTE V.

The resting of the ark, and the subsiding of the waters. Mr. West, by his manner of treating this subject, has given to it a wonderful dignity; shewing, that as well in painting, as in poetry, simplicity is a branch of the sublime. The component parts of this picture are in the ark, the bow set in the cloud, the memorial of God's covenant with Noah, the waters, and, placed in the front of the picture, a group of the bodies of those who have perished in the flood, and with them, the victim of his own snares, the serpent, whose head the seed of the woman was doomed to bruise.

The form of the ark is such as suits not the purposes of the painter without some particular management. It is here placed in a commanding and impressive situation, in the midst of clouds, high in the centre of the picture, immediately under the rainbow, which has an introduction purposely anticipatory. Shrouded in obscure dimness, in 'disastrous twilight,' the form of the ark has something undetermined about it, from the prismatic reflections that play and glimmer round it. The raven is represented as passing to and fro, and the dove, self-poised over the waters, is gathering in her beak the first emerging germ of vegetation.

NOTE VI.

Each of the pictures already mentioned, is in a style peculiar to itself; and indeed so much attention does Mr. West pay to his subject, and so thoroughly does he study it, and adapt his design, his composition, his colouring, and even his handling of the pencil, to it, that every variety of subject meets in him with an appropriate variety of style.

I shall briefly mention two other pictures, which bear not the least resemblance to each other in character of style, or to any of the pictures I have before noticed.

The first is a picture, painted some years ago, now retouched, and which was lately about to be placed in the Foundling Hospital. It represents the action of the point of time on which our Saviour says, 'Verily I say unto you, whoever shall not receive the kingdom of Heaven as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein.' The remarks that follow apply to the picture as it now stands, and not as it was formerly, for I understand that it is materially altered, as to general tone, effect, force, and expression. It was originally painted in a low key, and the drapery of the Saviour, which was then white, formed the principal light. The painter thought the mass heavy and dull, and, giving to the Saviour, the blue and red draperies in which he is generally represented, transferred the principal light to the body of the child, and the white drapery in which he is held. The flesh of the child is painted with the utmost purity of colour, and height of light, and the white of the drapery is unbroken; this pure light, with the bright red drapery of a fanciullo, who holds the child, forms the key of the picture, and the whole is worked up to it. Although this is the principal light, yet the attention is forcibly carried to the Saviour, by his situation in the picture, the colours of his drapery, his attitude, his arm raised towards Heaven, the glory that plays around him, and by the shaft of a column that is placed immediately behind him.

This picture may be said to be painted, in what Agostino Caracci called *lo stil decoro*. Every thing in it is placid and tranquil, except a pharasaical face in shadow, which by its stormy workings, serves to give value to the prevailing calm of the picture. The child is the union of grace, loveliness, and innocence: the character of the head of Saint Peter, who stands nearest to the eye, demands particular notice; the bones of the skull, and the form of the forehead, are marked with truth and precision. But nothing can equal the expression of the Saviour's face; a cloud of soft melancholy spreading over it, shews him the man of sorrow, he who was acquainted with grief, from his youth up; but it is not a selfish sorrow; there is compassion in it; and benevolence, and mercy, and patience, and long-suffering dawn through it.

Those who see this picture will not think it over-rated by me, if I affirm, that for the appropriate fulness of pencil with which it is worked, it may vie with any production of modern art.

The last picture that I shall mention is 'Fitz-gerald rescuing Alexander III, of Scotland from the attack of a stag.' Little as the title promises, this picture is perfectly heroic, as much so as if, for Alexander, we had the body of Patroclus; for the assailing stag, Hector; and for the preserver of the king, Menelaus; as much so as if, for the Scotch footmen and horsemen, we had Greeks and Trojans; and for the river and the castle, Scamander and Troy-town.

Although this painting represent an accident that happened to the Scotch monarch when hunting, though there are men, and horses, and dogs employed in the scene, it bears no more resemblance to the hunts of Rubens, than the Iliad, or any other poem celebrating a particular event, bears to the relation of a common place occurrence. I mean not to draw a comparison, though this picture need not shrink from one. I only speak of the subject. No one, perhaps, but Rubens, could have succeeded in giving motion, character, and energy, to such an unwieldy mass as the Hippopotamus; but still the hunt of that animal is merely a hunt in the general signification of the term; nor can the crocodile, disturbed in the chase, and roused from his lurking place, or the prostrate wretch about to be devoured, though introduced with all the accustomed felicity of Rubens, alter the nature of the subject. His men are neither Egyptians, Asiatics, nor Europeans; indeed, they bear no more of national character about them than do any other of the human beings painted by Rubens. All the skill of that wonderful man, exerted upon a subject of this nature, without reference to a particular action (heroic, as is this represented by Mr. West), would fail to give birth to emotions so powerful, and of so high a class as those he might awaken by employing equal skill upon an heroic subject. Mr. West's picture, then, certainly classes higher than any of the hunts of Rubens.

The national character which is so strongly depicted in the Irishman and in the Scots, is so far from lessening the interest, created by the picture, that it heightens it. Strongly marked as it is, it is so strongly modified as to serve all the purposes of the painter. I cannot, therefore, join the opinion of those who may think that Mr. West would have done well in taking the idea of his Alexander from a bust of his namesake of Macedon; his hero Fitz-gerald from a Discobolus; his horses from any exhibited in a Venetian antisala; or his dogs from a bas-relief of Diana hunting.

CRITICISM.

[The following article from a provincial paper is with the fullest approbation republished in the Port Folio. We are always delighted with every species of ridicule employed against that jargon, so unhappily prevalent in this country.]

AMERICANISMS.

In every language irregularities and anomalous expressions are to be found. The caprice and affectation of innovators give birth to spurious terms and phrases, which are readily adopted by the illiterate, and gradually obtain a general currency.

Fond of novelty, and incapable of determining the legitimacy of a word or idiom, the bulk of mankind admit, without examination, the productions of vanity and ignorance to the same privileges and honours as the genuine offspring of erudition.

The fewer irregularities there are, however, in any language, so much the better:—It is so much the more simple, and by consequence the more intelligible: so much the more easily learned by those to whom it is vernacular, and the more easily attained by foreigners.

As the English is the prevailing language in the United States, it certainly behoves the inhabitants to speak it, and especially to write it, with purity; that is, according to the established manner, and approved models of writing and speaking in the country whence it came. That its purity, however, is often violated, is obvious to every one in the least acquainted with the nature and grammar of the language. For instance,

LAY,

the preterite of the neuter verb *to lie*, is very frequently used for the present of that verb. Do we not often hear such expressions as the following? The paper *lays* on the desk. The book *lays* upon the table. The wood is *laying* in the cellar. The cloth is *laying* where you left it, &c. And do we not often read in the newspapers, that such a vessle *lays* at such a wharf? or, that whilst such a vessel was *laying* too? In these and similar instances, *lies* and *lying*, the present of the verb and participle, should have been employed. The verb to *lay* is active, and therefore inadmissible in such expressions.

The adjective BAD

assumes, in the mouth of an American, a much *better* meaning than is attached to it by an Englishman. The former says, I need a coat very *bad*, when perhaps there is not a worse in town. But don't mistake him. Far from wanting a *bad* coat, he intimates by this phraseology that he needs a *new* one. To express the same idea the Briton would say, I need a coat very *much*.

A captain informs us, in a late New-York paper, 'that in a heavy gale he got his canvass exceedingly torn, and that during the rest of his voyage he needed sails vary *bad*. Unluckily for him he got what he wanted, *a set of very bad sails*, and was therefore some weeks longer in getting to port. Had he said that he wanted sails very *much*, he had spoken plain English.

The comprehensive term *creature* is restricted in this country, by a singular fatality, not to an order, or class, or genus of created existences, but to a single species of animals. The horse, and horse alone, is here dignified or degraded, I don't pretend to say which, by the exclusive appropriation of the epithet *creature*.

The idea that this term belongs to the horse alone, has taken such a hold of some people's minds, that they conclude the bare word *horse* is not sufficiently definitive without it.

In a late advertisement, the subscriber tells us that 'two *horse-creatures* were taken up on his plantation,' &c. Apprehensive, no doubt, least we mistake his *horses* for *cows*, he very wisely takes the determining epithet *creature* to the dubious term *horse*, and thus prevents all hesitation respecting his meaning.

Some years ago a gentleman who had lately arrived in this country from Scotland was going on a visit to a farmer's. Having occasion to pass through a corn-field hard by the house whither he was going, he observed some geese busily feeding. A considerable time after reaching the farmer's he recollected the innocent plunderers, and told that he had seen a great number of *creatures* eating the corn as he came along. At the alarming news a regret was hastily expressed that he had not told sooner, out rushed a man, woman, and child to repel the destructive invaders, when lo! the formidable herd of *horses* which they expected to find, proved to be an insignificant flock of *geese*. M.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Basle, October 18, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

We have been employed both yesterday and to-day in visiting the public Library, and private cabinets of painting, and natural history. In the last we saw a putrified Elephant's tooth which was found in this Canton. Whether it belonged to one of those which Hannibal lost in his passage over the Alps, or whether it is the evidence of a climate having once been enjoyed by the high country favourable to the existence of that animal, I shall leave to others to determine.

In the library are preserved some paintings by Holbein, which far exceed any of that artist's works that are to be met with in England. His portrait of his friend Erasmus is an admirable picture. We were shewn an edition of that learned man's book in *praise of folly*, which belonged to Holbein, who had illustrated the subject by numerous drawings on the margin with a pen and common ink. A number of manuscript letters written in Latin by Erasmus to the person who became his heir, are also shewn as curiosities.

As I am on the subject of Holbein, I will mention to you that I have seen his celebrated Dance of Death, which he, or, as some suppose, one of his scholars, painted on the wall of a grave-yard. It is rather curious than interesting, or well painted, and the inhabitants talk of pulling down the wall, to make room for some new houses.

The custom of painting historical and other subjects upon the outside of houses prevailed very much at Basle, if I may judge by the number of such decorations now to be seen. The walls of the court of the town-house are covered with these paintings, which are now very shabby from the loss of their colours by time and exposure to the weather.

We saw also among the manuscripts the proceedings of the celebrated council of Basil (the German name for Basle) taken down at the time by a cardinal, one of its members. Pius II, who presided in this council, founded at that time the university of this place. The library contains about fifteen thousand volumes.

The singular custom which has prevailed from time immemorial of all the clocks in Basle being an hour in advance of true time, exists no more. Its origin is not well accounted for, but the inhabitants tell you that some long time ago a conspiracy was formed to betray the town, which being discovered by one of the band, the town clock was set an hour forward, so that when midnight, the hour of attack, came, instead of twelve, the clock struck one, which so confounded the conspirators, that, conceiving their scheme

discovered, they abandoned it altogether, without daring to assemble. Many attempts were made to correct this ridiculous custom, but the inhabitants would not permit the change till the arrival of the French, who, with the strong hand of power, effected such a revolution in all the clocks of the Baslers, that they now go like those of other people.

Lauffenbourg, October 9.

We left Basle this morning, and crossing the Rhine by the bridge I mentioned, travelled along its banks in one of the heaviest showers I have seen in Europe, we crossed the river again at Rhinefeldt by a covered wooden bridge, and arrived here just before night. The first part of our day's ride lay through what was formerly called the circle of Swabia, and partly through the Black forest, whose pines were rendered infinitely gloomy by the rain, and formed a striking contrast with the foliage of the trees, which, at this season of the year, were of every tint. The vallies and plains were charmingly cultivated, and the verdure was of the freshest kind.

This short ride along the meanders of the Rhine presented to us a number of beautiful scenes. The splendid garb of autumn was everywhere to be seen, and decked every shrub with her fanciful colouring.

Our chamber in the post-house is most uncomfortable, as we can scarcely turn round in it. Instead of a coverlid or blanket, we find on ourselves a species of light downy pillow, or rather bed, which is extremely light and warm, but there is no medium temperature; we must be either chilled without, or thrown into a violent perspiration with it.

Before it grew too dark we walked down to the Rhine to see its *falls*, or rather *rapids;* they are, however, of no consequence. They are rendered interesting from a very melancholy accident which befel two young Englishmen, Lord Montague and his travelling companion, who, after examining the current, thought they could shoot it; and, notwithstanding the intreaties of their servant, and the remonstrances of the inhabitants of the town, imprudently ventured to pass in an open boat; they had scarcely got safe over the foam, before they were caught in a vortex which carried them down. They were never seen afterwards, though the place was dragged immediately, and their servant remained three weeks to search for their bodies. The servant who waited on us at supper was an eye-witness of this unhappy occurrence, and gave us the preceding detail.

Schaffhausen, October 10.

A romantic, though well cultivated, country borders the Rhine to this place, which presented, by turns, the grandest as well as the most rural scenes of nature. We came from Lauffenbourg to Waldshut to breakfast. This last is a small walled place, in the circle of Swabia, and is one of the Forest-towns. We saw there some singularly dressed peasants of the Foret moire, whose hats were turned up all round like scalloped shell.

At Waldshut the Rhine is still broad, but its banks very high; a little way above it, on turning suddenly round a point, we found it narrow, and continue so to this place.

We embraced the first moment of sunshine, after our arrival, to ride as far as the famous cataract of the Rhine, about two miles down the river. It is certainly a very grand cascade, but it did not equal my expectations; and, divested of the surrounding scenery, such as the castle of Lauffen, which hangs over it, from the top of a high rock, on one side, and the mills on the other, it would, I think, not be considered superior to the Great falls of the Patowmack. It is, however, a fine object. The river passes Schaffhausen with great rapidity, and of as deep an azure as the occean; its velocity soon brings it to the precipice of Lauffen, in the midst of which two high pointed rocks seem to threaten obstruction to its passage; this resistance only increares its rage; it dashes against them, and, bursting into a vast cloud of foam, tumbles furiously on every side, and, at last, precipitating itself in numerous white sheets into the pool below, sends up a mist of spray, and a noise of thunder.

Our carriage stopped at a little Village on the top of the right bank, where we got out, and descended by a steep path to the shore of a little bay, formed by the eddy of the stream. We frequently admired the different beauties of the fall, from the various points of view, in one of which we observed that the smallest of the two rocks was absolutely perferated by the constant beating of the waters. A part of the river had been drawn into a mill race, which, after performing its functions, was left to tumble down the rocks, and its humble, yet picturesque cascade formed a curious constrast to the foaming sheets of the grand cataract.

In part we had much pleasure in viewing a different effect, and having wind about, we crossed to the other side, though not without some danger from the up and down motion of the waters, which were in a perfect agitation from the descending force of the falls. The skill of our boatman, however, conducted us safely to the bottom of the rock, on which stands the Castle of Lauffen, (formerly a *chateau baillival* of the republic), and afterward to a small gallery, which is boldly built just under the cataract, and from which the view of the water, coming as it were from our heads, was very sublime. We were so near that the spray wetted us completely in a few seconds, and compelled us to quit the place.

You have often heard of the bridge of Schaffhausen, celebrated for being supported only by its geometrical construction without piers, in the manner of some of the bridges in Massachusetts and New-Hampshire. The magistrates, however, thought proper to have a pier of stone placed under it; and it has long been a doubt whether it rested on it or not. This celebrated bridge no longer exists, as the *French* burnt it when they came, to prevent the Austrians from passing the Rhine, it was three hundred and forty-two feet long, and covered, as are all the bridges I have seen in Swisserland, except those at Basle and Lauffenbourg.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAHS.

The republic of Algiers, the republic of *America*, and the republic of the *Seven Isles*, so happily established by Buonaparte, that illustrious friend to *free Governments*, are the most conspicuous *Commonwealth*, which the politician can now seek for, in a map of the World.

—

Dr. Johnson remarks, the breakfast is a meal, in which the Scots, whether of the lowlands or the mountains, must be confessed to excel us. The tea, and coffee, are accompanied not only with butter, but with honey, conserves and marmalades. If an epicure could remove by a wish, in quest of sensual gratification, where ever he had supped, he would *breakfast in Scotland.*

—

EPITAPH.

Here lies John Sullen, and it is God's will
He that was Sulien shall be Sullen still,
He still is Sullen: if the truth ye seek,
Knock until dooms day, Sullen will not speak.

ON MR. MILES.

This tomb-stone is a milestone—Hal! how so?
Because beneath lies Miles—who's miles below.
A little man he was a dwarf in size,
But now stretch'd out at least Miles long he lies,
His grave, though small, contains a space so wide,
It has miles in length, and miles in breadth beside.

—

ON MR. THOMAS ALL.

Reader, beneath this marble lies
All that was noble good, and wise;
All that once was form'd on earth,
All that was of mortal birth;
All that liv'd above the ground,
May within this grave be found:
If you have lost or great or small,
Come here and weep, for here lies All.
Then smile at death enjoy your mirth
Since he has took his all from earth.

—

Here lies John Shore
I say no more
Who was alive
In Sixty-five.

—

Lines written on a Blank leaf of a History of the French Revolution.

I hate mock Freedom's frantic noise,
Her canting, philanthropic voice,
Those crocodile effusions!
Practis'd upon the Rights of Man,
By every Gallic Charlatan,
With magical delusions.

Amid the necromantic glare,
Deceit conceals a hidden snare,
Envelop'd deep in gloom:
Proscriptions, dungeons, and the cord,
The axe, the dagger, and the sword,
A Royal Martyr's tomb!

Thousands in horrid caverns pine,
Or crush'd in pits their breath resign,
Or sink beneath the wave:
Blown from the cannon thousand fly.
Are these the fruits of Liberty,
Or, deeds that mark the *brave?*

—

The following *jeu du mot* was sent by a young lady to her lover, whose name was *Nott*, a few weeks before their marriage. The nuptial knot was fastened soon after the discerning lover decyphered its import.

Why urge, dear Sir, a bashful maid
To change her single lot?
When well you know, I've often said,
In truth, I love you, Nott.

For all your pain I do, Nott, care,
And trust me, on my life,
Though you had millions, I declare,
I would, Nott, be your wife.

—

LINES,

On reading a paragraph, stating the marriage of Mr. T. Young, to Miss Ann Beard, both of Islington, near London.

No more let Scandal's busy tongue
Deride the *youth* of Tommy Young;
For *that* no longer need be fear'd,
Since Tommy now hath got a *Beard,*'

—

Tho' rous'd, reluctant, from repose,
Again to combat Freedom's foes—
Still eager to degrade us;
We'll teach the stilted pride of France.
Tho' single handed we advance,
We need no force to aid us.

And should the foe, his fate allow
To touch our coast, with hostile prow,
And waft his minions o'er;
He'll find, to check his vain career,
'Tis hard to gain an *Acre* here,
As erst on Egypt's shore.

[*London paper:*

Epitaph on a celebrated professor of Midwifry, who, after having faithfully discharged the most important duties of a married man for near half a century, died childless.

MEMORIÆ
X. Y.
In Academia Edinburgena
Artis obstetricæ quondam professoris,
Qui
Lucinam sine venere
Venerem sine Lucina
Coluit:
Filios post mille
Republicæ datos
Ehu.
Sine liberis discessit
Bella inter intestina
Manu forte
Sed sine marte,
Liberatoris
Nomen adeptus est
Respicite Matres
Prospicite Virgines,
Et lugete.

—

Several *pick-pockets* were yesterday examined before the Lord Moyor, charged with attempting, at Bartholomew Fair, to make themselves merry *at other peoples expense.*

[*London paper.*

—

THE KISS AND THE BLUSH.

My gentle Grace, I did but seek,
From off that delicate fair cheek,
To steal a kiss: and lo! your face
All o'er with shame and anger glows!
What have I done, my gentle Grace,
But turn'd a lily to a rose?
And well you known, we all declare
That face too delicatly fair.

Your cheeks—your forehead too— were flush'd!
Your neck, and e'en your bosom blush'd!
And shame may clime the larger part
In that fair neck, and all above;
But the blush so near the heart,
O let it be a blush of love!
Pygmalion thus lit up with life,
The Statue that became his wife.

—

THE DRUNKARD BURIED ALIVE.

FROM FONTAINE.

All have their secret faults—not man,
Not woman, are from imperfections freed,
Which neither shame, nor terror, can
Eradicate. For proof this story read—

A very toper, who well lov'd his glass,
Was inj'ring fortune, health, and mind;
For drunkards, tho' their purse be full, alas,
Will soon its bottom find!
Once with a jovial set he carried on the game,
Till all his senses were in liquor drown'd;
The friends retired—his wife, a prudent dame,
Stretch'd on the floor his senseless body found,
And caus'd it to be plac'd within a tomb,
Where, in the midst of silent gloom,
The bloated drunkard lay,
Till all the fumes had work'd away.

When waking he observ'd the den of death—
There sees a coffin standing at his feet,
And there a pall and winding-sheet—
He scarce thro' fear could draw his breath!
'What's here? he cries, my wife is sure a widow?'
This said, his spouse, dress'd out like dame Alecto,
With visage mask'd, and accent feign'd,
Approaches, and presents a soup which well
Might Satan suit. All this enough explain'd
That he was now a citizen of Hell.

'What art thou?' he to the spectre cries,
'The caterer of Satan, she replies:
I am entrusted with Hell's stock of meat,
And to the shades supply the food they eat,'
Here he exclaims, before he well had time to think,
Why what the devil, don't they drink?

From the Toy Shop of
MESSRS VERBAL & TROCHEE.

The following lines from the pen of Mr. Sheridan were obligingly handed us by a friend, who had preserved them to the poetical department of a newspaper, of '77 or '78 Our friend was so delighted with it, he said he had imagined it the most finished piece of poetry of the kind he ever read. We think this no vain conceit, but a pretty correct opinion; and considering that in most of the modern songs composed in shapællic measure, we seldom find any thing to admire, we are the more pleased with this exception, which is in the highest degree elegant. The smooth and easy march of the verse, the harmony of the numbers, the sweetness of expression, and the figurative beauties (among which the 'grotto' the 'willow,' &c. must be ranked in the highest class of personified objects,) can be equalled only by the refined sensibility, which reigns through the whole.

We believe our readears would be well satisfied, if we could always present them such rare productions of British genius, instead of our own 'coarse homely manufacture.' But it is necessary for us futher to remark, that Mr. Sheridan, the celebrated orator, meeting Miss Linley (afterwards Mrs. Sheridan) in the entrance of a grotto, took the liberty to offer her some advice, with which he apprehended she was dipleased. We hope we do not transgress, the laws of delicacy if we ask our readers what they imagine must have been the Lady's feelings, whatever her station in life, when, on entering her grotto, the next day she found this beautiful performance, left her by a man of Mr. Sheridan's just celebrity and elevated standing in society.

Uncouth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone;
And damp is the shade of this dew dropping tree;
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,
And willow! thy damps are refreshing to me.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,
As late I, in secret, her confidence sought;
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
As blushing' she heard the grave lesson I taught.

Then tell me, thou grotto of moss-cover'd stone,
And tell me, thou willow, with leaves dripping dew.
Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was gone?
And did she confess her resentment to you?

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
To wisper a cause for the sorrow I feel;
To hint how she frown'd when I dar'd to advise,
And sigh'd, when she saw that I did it with zeal.

True true, silly leaves so she did I allow?
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could I see;
She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow;
She sigh d, but, perhaps, 't was in pity to me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong.
It sunk at the thought of but giving her pain;
But trusted its task to a faltering tongue'
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain,

Yet oh! if indeed I' ve offended the maid,
If Delia my humble monitions refuse;
Sweet willow, next time she visits thy shade,
Fan gently her bosom, and plead my excuse.

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'ft preserve
Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve,
As tears of my sorrow entrusted to you.

Or least they unheeded should fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and I swear
The next time I visit thy moss-cover's seat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

So may'ft thou, green willow, for ages thus toss
Thy branches so dank o'er the slow-winding stream,
And thou, stony grotto, retain all thy moss,
While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme.

Nay more—may my Delia still give you her charms
Each ev'ning, and sometimes the whole ev'ning long
Then, grotto, be proud to support her white arms
Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to the song.

—

The federalists have long been accused of a fixed determanation to change the constitution; and the democrats have constantly *professed* a firm attachment to that important charter of our liberties.—But, mark their *practice*:—The moment they gain a sufficient ascendency, they are contending with all their might to effect a material *alteration* in that national compact. We derive, however, some consolation from a writer in the *Political Observatory*, who has applied to his communication the signature of "A Farmer." This sagacious writer gravely assures us, in his concluding paragraph, that, 'should an alteration be made in *one particular*, *all the rest* of the constitution will remain precisely as it was before, unsullied in its excellence and unimpaired in its obligation.' Here is a discovery no less gratifying then it is ingenious. It is like the valuable medicine lately discovered, which, if rightly applied, the inventor assures us, will be the means of snatching thousands of consitutions from the jaws of death.

[*Farmer's Museum.*

—

SECOND THOUGHT BEST.

From the French.

Liris, whom shepherds on the Saine,
Count the first beauty of the plain,
By Damon left forlorn,
Cried—'did he every saint invoke
With vows made only to be broke,
Charms such as mine to scorn?

Since heaven's just anger he defies,
And from my arms perfidious flies,
To court a homelier maid;
Repent he may when 'tis too late,
Revenge shall soothe my hapless fate,
On yonder river laid.'

Quick to the eddying stream she goes,
Upon her cheek pines every rose,
Tears trickle from her eye;
Fix'd on her doom, disdains to shrink,
But, rising o'er the sedgy brink,
Heaves a despairing sigh.

Check'd by the grim approach of Death,
Aghast she stood; then, out of breath,
Ran to her flocks again——
'Good God! she said, was I so mad
To risk the only life I had!—
Lovers enough remain.'

☞ Our Subscribers and Agents are very respectfully apprised, that, henceforth, the price of the Port Folio is fixed at SIX DOLLARS. This augmentation is but an act of justice to the Editor, who, for three years, has published this paper, with an expense so large, and an income so small, that prudence requires a small addition to the premium of labour. The price of workmanship and materials are so high, that the Port Folio cannot be afforded for less than SIX DOLLARS; and the most captious, or most sceptical Subscriber, may, on a fair examination, satisfy himself, that the price of this Miscellany, far from being exorbitantly dear, forms an annual volume, cheaper than any contemporary work of a similar description, published either at home or abroad.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ELEGY

In memory of the late William Brown, Esq.

'Tis night! the funeral torch obscurely burns,
The bell of death prolongs its solemn sound;
The hollow gale the lingering note returns,
And echoes o'er the plain the groan profound.

Perhaps some hoary saint, the cloisters gloom,
A prey to grief, and unattun'd to earth;
Or heedless youth, unconscious of his doom,
Hath fled to glut the carnival of death.

Alas! more lov'd and wept than these the swain,
His doating parent's hope, and sisters' pride;
The fond companion of the letter'd train,
And ah! more honour'd of a lovely bride.

Such was the man I fondly call my friend,
Rich in esteem, and skill'd in *useful* lore;
Peaceful his course, domestic bliss his end,
And humbly blest his basket and his store.

Bright was his prospect while the morning ray,
At early dawn, a twinkling lustre gave;
And brighter grew, till orb'd in perfect day,
He dropp'd at life's meridian to the grave.

What then avail the treasures of the mind,
The fancy free, the soul that genius warms,
The soft emotions of a heart refin'd,
And sacred friendship, what thy boasted charms?

Where leads the pomp of princes? where the pow'r
That, with a nod, decrees an empire's doom!
The airy path where pleasure's vot'ries soar?
Illusive all! to darkness and the tomb.

Death, like the prouder tyrants of the world,
To grace a triumph marks no vulgar foes;
In higher spheres his errless darts are hurl'd,
Nor threats the victim ere he gives the blow.

Thy virtues, Brown, too justly plac'd thee there,
But vain the blow, could unaffected worth,
Or the sweet incense of the orphan's tear,
Or widow's pray'r call back the sleeping earth.

Warm was his manly heart, his reason strong,
To force conviction, or bid mercy flow;
The patriot's ardour kindled on his tongue,
And bade the slumbering throng admire and glow.

No venal wishes linger'd round his heart,
Nor burning envy, nor corroding care;
That flame alone that virtue's beams impart,
Like heaven's own fire, burnt unconsuming there.

But why should such a friend attempt his praise,
Or bid the muse his mouldering urn bedew;
Why wakes not *Alfred's lyre to sweeter lays,
For Alfred's lov'd, and science mourns him too.

Yet thou, once happy partner of his joys,
May'st claim the partial tribute of a tear;
And call my feeble thought from idler toys,
To sorrow-soothing strains.....and mark them here.

Sweet to thy memory be endearments past,
And ever fresh the bays his virtues won;
By thee preserv'd from every wasteful blast,
To grace the temples of his infant son.

And ye, sweet tendrils of the broken vine,
No more as erst in fond affection blest;
Your little arms around your sire entwine,
And cling for succour to his yielding breast.

Nor e'er again a faithful father's care
Shall lead your ductile minds to virtue's ways;
Nor guide your steps; nor lure your tender years,
In soothing strains, from error's devious maze.

How oft a guest at social eve I've seen
His little flock their youthful sports forego;
With earnest heed inclin'd and wistful mien,
To catch instruction from some tale of woe.

These scenes are o'er! peace to his gentle shade,
No more let friendship, with unlicens'd eye,
Or unavailing grief, pursue the dead,
They rest in peace—the living claim the sigh.

And oh! fair mourner, may indulgent heav'n,
That ne'er forsakes the widow nor betrays,
Preserve unstain'd thy flock in mercy giv'n,
To bless the noon and ev'ning of thy days.

And when the golden bowl shall burst in twain,
The silver chord's vibrations all be o'er;
Then may thy kindred heart in friendship join,
Where death divides, and pain afflicts no more.

* Alfred, the poetical signature of a gentleman, whose habits of intimacy with the deceased, and whose distinguished poetical talents would have eminently qualified him for that task, which the *writer* has, with diffidence, attempted.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The following verses by the late Daniel Webb, Esq. are highly extolled by the British Critics.]

TO MIRA,

ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

Assume, my verse, thy wonted art,
While all in expectation stand,
Can'st thou not paint the willing heart,
That coyly gives the trembling hand?

Can'st thou not summon from the sky
Soft Venus and her milk-white doves?
Mark—in an easy yoke they fly,
An emblem of unsever'd loves.

Now, Mira, art thou pale with fear;
Look not, thou sweetness, thus forlorn;
She smiles, and now such tints appear,
As steal upon the silver morn.

Quick, Hymen, to the temple lead,
Cupid, thy victory pursue:
In blushes rose the conscious maid,
Trust me, she'll set in blushes too.

Well may the lover fondly gaze
On thy bright cheek, and bloom of youth,
Impatient of the calmer praise
Of sweetness, innocence, and truth.

Yet these shall to thy latest hour,
These only shall secure thy bliss,
When the pale lip hath lost its power,
These shall give nectar to the kiss.

—

[To the industry of Athenæus we are indebted for a hymn to Health, which Dr. Johnson has lavishly commended in his Rambler. Mr. Webb has translated it as follows.]

First born of heaven! for without thee,
Bless'd Health, the gods themselves would be
Oppress'd by immortality.
Come then, thou best of blessings, come,
And make my humble roof thy home;
Propitious come, and shed a ray
Of gladness on my setting day.
For if there be in wealth a charm,
If joys the parents bosom warm,
Whate'er the good, to thee 'tis given
To perfect every boon of heaven.
If diadems the fancy please,
Thy hand must make them sit with ease;
Lost, without thee, were Cupid's wiles,
And Venus owes thee half her smiles.
Whate'er we hope, whate'er endure,
Thou giv'st the enjoyment or the cure;
Where'er thou spreadst thy balmy wing
Ills vanish, blooming pleasures spring.
All wishes meet in thee alone,
For Happiness and Health are one.

—

[The inefficacy of rural beauty to please during the absence of a mistress, is among the common places of amatory poets. The language of the heart is so universal that the similarity of this sonnet to a passage in Langhorne, will not surprise:

"What are streams or flowers,
Or songs of blithe birds? What the blushing rose,
Young health or music, or the voice of praise,
The smile of vernal suns, the fragrant breath
Of ev'ning gales—when Delia dwells afar?"]

SONNET FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

Silent and slow now fresh'ning breezes blow,
Where groves of chesnut crown yon shadowy steep,
And all around the tears of ev'ning weep,
For closing day, whose vast orb, westering slow,
Flings o'er th' embattled clouds a mellower glow,
While hum of folded herds and murm'ring deep,
And falling rills such gentle cadence keep,
As e'en might soothe the weary heart of woe.
Yet what to me is eve, what evening airs,
Or falling rills, or ocean's murm'ring sound,
While sad and comfortless I seek in vain
Her, who, in absence, turns my joy to cares,
And, as I cast my listless glances round,
Makes varied scenery but varied pain.

—

[Moore in his translation of a famous ode of Anacreon has emulated every beauty of the original.]

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my swimming soul;
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions over my fancy play'd.
With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to trace the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe, bath'd in dew,
We flew and sported as we flew.
Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
Saw me trip the flow'ry wild
With dimpled girls and slyly smil'd;
Smil'd, indeed, with wanton glee,
But, ah! 'twas plain they envied me,
And still I flew—and now I caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To kiss—when all my dreaming joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys
All were gone! Alas, I said,
Sighing for the illusions fled,
'Sleep, again my joys restore,
Oh, let me dream them o'er and o'er.'

—

EPIGRAM.

SENTIMENTAL CHARITY.

Such fine spun pain does Want excite,
When beggars near Penurice stray,
From fear of fainting at the sight,
She turns her head another way.

Her generous notions *partial* call
The hand that grants a penny;
So, as she cannot give to *all*,
She never gives to *any*.

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